"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"AWAY, away!" cried the stout Sir John,
"While the blossoms are on the trees;
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on
As we sail for the Northern Seas.
Ho! gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz-James!
We will startle the world, I trow,
When we find a way through the Northern Seas
That never was found till now!
A stout good ship is the Erebus
As ever unfurled a sail,
And the Terror will match with as brave a one
As ever outrode a gale."

So they bid farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English Queen.
They sped them away beyond cape and bay,
Where the day and night are one—
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright
And flamed like a midnight sun.
There was naught below save the fields of snow,
That stretched to the icy pole;
And the Esquimaux in his strange canoe
Was the only living soul.

Along the coast, like a giant host,
The glittering icebergs frowned,
Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,
And crashed with a fearful sound!
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
Looked down from the frozen heights:
And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
Peered out from the Northern Lights.
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz-James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Felt a doubt like a chill through their warm hearts thrill,
As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
Where even the tear-drops freeze:
But no way was found, by strait or sound,
To sail through the Northern Seas;
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
And they sought, but they sought in vain!
For no way was found through the ice around
To return to their homes again.
But the wild waves rose and the waters froze
Till they closed like a prison wall:
And the icebergs stood in the silent flood,
Like jailers grim and tall!
O, God; O, God!—it was hard to die
In that prison house of ice!
For what was fame, or a mighty name,
When life was the fearful price?

The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,
As the weeks and months passed on.
Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of flame,
And looked on the fated crew;
His chilling breath was as cold as death,
And it pierced their warm hearts through.
A heavy sleep that was dark and deep
Came over their weary eyes;
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills and streams,
And the blue of their native skies.

The Christmas chimes, of the good old times,
Were heard in each dying ear,
And the darling feet, and the voices sweet
Of their wives and children dear!
But it faded away—away—away!
Like a sound on a distant shore;
And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
Till they slept to sleep no more!

O, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child!
They weep, and watch, and pray;
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain,
As the long years pass away!
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
And the good Sir John, have found
An open way to a quiet bay,
And a port where all are bound!
Let the waters rear on the ice-bound shore,
That circles the frozen pole;
But there is no sleep, and no grave so deep,
*That can hold the human soul.*

## THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE RE-VISITED.

It was at the close of a fine day in September that I reached the village where my childhood and youth were past, and where I had not been seen for more years than I care to mention.

I had been wandering many years among the cities and people of the world, and with a sort of pilgrim feeling now came back to the old hearth-stone and the hills that had been with me as a picture, wherever I had rested or travelled since I was a boy. It was curious that my first interview should be with the sexton, and my first visit in the old grave-yard. So it was. He was sitting on the style over which he had just stepped from the yard, and wearied with his toil, for he had just finished another grave, and was now leaning forward on his spade, as he sat on the steps. I knew him at once, and approaching him, said, "Your name is Enoch, but I suppose you have forgotten me."

The old man looked up to me as he raised his head slowly from its rest, and answered—"Yes, that's my name; but I don't remember you."

No, he did not know me. The old man was old when I was young, and he had now grown older; he was more wrinkled, and crooked, and feeble, and it seemed strange to me that a man, who had so long and often been in the grave, should be out of it yet. I took a seat by the side of him on the other side of the fence, and looking at the tomb-stones within reading-reach, began to call over the names of those whom I had left among the living.

"There are old Mr. and Mrs. Doubleby, and there's Mrs. Wilson, and here lies Clara Robinson, and there is the grave of Archie McAuley, and dear me! they must be all here.—Is there anybody alive around here besides you, my old friend?"

"O yes, sir, but if you knew these folks, you must have been gone a long time; I declare I can't make out who you may be."

"I suppose not," said I, "but you remember Mr. Rogers, who used to preach in the old meeting-house."

"I do, and now I know you, his son Richard."

"Right for you, Enoch, the very same."

"And you are the boy that rode on the pulpit in prayer-time, and used to be up to all manner of mischief; you Dick Rogers; well, I wouldn't have believed my old eyes."

"You are right, my good friend, the boy is back again, and has never forgotten these streets and this old burying-ground; to tell you the truth, Enoch, I always wanted to be buried here, and perhaps you may yet do me the favour."

I walked into the yard. It was full. There seemed to be room for no more graves. Long rows of sleepers, whole families were resting side by side, and had filled up the vacant places that I remembered distinctly, so that I was quite sure there were more of my old friends under ground than above. Some of them I did long to see again; some of them I hope to see hereafter.

What is that name? Mary Lindley! Yes; I recollected it now. Died so soon after we went from the village! and she has been under this sod almost twenty years. Well, her heart has not ached half so often as it would if she had lived, and I believe her epitaph is true—"She sleeps in Jesus." Precious is the sleep of those who rest in his arms. And here is the grave of Charley Lee. He was a schoolmate of mine; a sickly, suffering boy, but he lived, it seemed, to early manhood, and died. But he died here at home, and love soothed his pillow, and closed his dying eyes. There were some of our set who perished far away, and were buried in a strange land, and more of them will be. I was much affected as I strolled among these graves to find so many of the old people lying *in pairs*. They came back to me as I used to see them in their daily labours, contented, pious people, the salt of the earth, the blessed of God. They prayed for me every day, and often prayed with me, for I was a frequent visitor at their houses when I was a boy.

The sun was sinking while I thus walked and meditated among the tombs, and it was now getting dark, so that I was obliged to leave the dead and seek the living. As I turned to come out of the grave-yard there was a feeling of pain that startled as it struck me. I did not want to go. It was so quiet

here—just in the rear of the house of God—and so calm, so holy, sacred to the memory of so many that I revered and loved, that I felt desirous to stay with my old friends rather than to go out into the world again and rough it, as I must, with those who are yet in the battle of life.

I walked to the parsonage. It was once "our" house. It was very strange to knock at the old door, and wait to be admitted, to a home that would once almost have opened of itself at my coming. But they were not strangers altogether who were now its rightful and excellent tenants; they had drawn me here by a pressing invitation, and now gave me a welcome so cordial and earnest that I was instantly at home again. Blessed is the charm and grace of refined and Christian hospitality. It was as freely tendered at my coming as if an "angel were to be entertained," and not "unawares."

It was *so* strange to lie down at night in the same room, and in the same corner of the room where I slept when a child; and the power of association was never to me so peculiarly illustrated as by the recollection of incidents that had been buried deep under the accumulations of so many years, and never thought of from childhood; now they started up instantly as I entered the chamber-door, as if they had happened yesterday. I cannot invest them to other eyes with the interest they wear in my own, they should be recorded on the spot. They were fresh and dear to me, and came thronging my memory, as I tried in vain to lose myself in sleep.

But the next morning came, and then I wandered out among the trees, and fields, and streams that were once my most familiar haunts. The shade trees around the parsonage I had helped to plant. They were now wide-spreading; their branches meeting overhead, though we had set their trunks wide asunder. Here were four maples in a row; they were planted for, and by four brothers of us, and each in the order of his age had a tree of his own, which he watered and watched with fraternal care. The trees are all living: of the brothers one has been transplanted to a better soil and a fairer clime. He was a fine boy; well do I remember how he, the youngest of the four, a mere child, was pleased to have a tree of his own; how proud to fill the trench around it with water, and to see that his tree (they were all set out in full leaf) did not wither. But he withered and died before his sun had reached its noon. He went to college, and when returning home from his spring vacation, was seized with fever in a strange city, and among strangers died! Poor boy: no, rather let me say blessed was he, that his Father took him so early to his bosom, and spared him the trials and struggles the rest of us have had to meet and bear. And it was a pleasant circumstance to me, and one I did not know of, till it was told to me here under the shadow of my departed brother's tree, that the young pastor, now dwelling here and enjoying its shades, was my brother's friend and class-mate in college, and had mourned his untimely fall. How strange the mutations and comminglings of this world!

But these fields have not changed. These hills are the same—the everlasting hills; the forests crown them yet, and these streams at their base flow on as they did thirty years ago, when I walked in them, or sat on their banks and angled for trout in the summer sun. It is good to look Nature in the face again, and to see some scenes that have not changed with the change of an ever-changing world.

And these dwellings, though older somewhat, yet, as they were old when I was here last, now look very much as they did then. Time has been at work upon them, but he has not wrought their ruin yet. Let us enter one of them, and see if there are any here who will remember me. This is the house of a wealthy farmer, whose children were companions of my childhood. I hear that his daughter has been an invalid for nearly twenty years. Yes, she remembers me, and tells me that she has been comforted in years of languishing by the presence of Him who was with the children in the furnace. Eighteen years to be sick! a prisoner at home. Yet there the Lord can shower his selectest favours, and make the chamber of suffering a dwelling of light and joy.

## CHRIST'S BIRTH.

In the current reckoning the birth of Christ is placed too late from three to five years. Such is the opinion of all chronologists now.

How happened this mistake in the vulgar reckoning? In the following way. The birth of Christ was first made an era, from which to reckon dates, by Dionysius Exiguus, about A.D. 532. He assumed that Christ was born on the 25th of December, in the year of Rome 753, in the consulship of Lentulus and Piso. His reckoning, and this era, were adopted by the Anglo-Saxons in England, about A.D. 600.

But Dionysius Exiguus mistook the year, and probably the day and the month. As to the year, Christ was certainly born before the death of Herod the great. (See Matthew.) Now, Herod the great died in the year of Rome 749 or 750.

Some chronologists have attempted to make a *nearer* approximation to the year of Christ's birth, by the help of Luke's remark (iii. 1, 2—23), that Jesus was about thirty years old in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. Tiberius became sole Emperor, August, in the year of Rome 767. Add the fourteen years of Tiberius' reign, and it appears that Christ was *about* thirty years of age in the year of Rome 781. Now, if Christ was *about* thirty years old in the year of Rome 781, he was born *about* the year of Rome 751. If in the year of Rome 779, then he was born *about* the year of Rome 749.

But the remark of Luke does not serve to fix the year precisely, for he says, "*about* thirty years of age," to say nothing of the uncertainty whether he reckoned Tiberius's reign from the death of Augustus, or from two years before. We have to fall back on the death of Herod the great, and that fixes the date of Christ's birth at least three or four years before the vulgar era.

And as to Christ's BIRTH-DAY that has been placed by Christian sects and learned men in every month of the year. But the Latin Church, supreme in power and infallible in judgment, placed it on the 25th of December, the very day on which the ancient Romans celebrated the feast of their goddess *Bruma*.

## CONCLUDING NOTICE OF SEVEN UNITARIAN DENOMINATIONS.

We have already touched on the rapid progress of Christian Unitarianism in America; methodism counts its numbers by hundreds of thousands; and, that, virtually, there are more disciples of the Christian Unitarian belief than Methodists in the United States; for to the *Unitarians*, *Universalists*, and *Christians* of America, we may add by far the larger portion of the *Friends* (or Quakers) are also Unitarians. They reject the doctrines of a Triune-deity, corruption of human nature, satisfaction by the death of Christ, and other doctrines.

It is true there are Societies of Friends in America, strictly orthodox, as it is called, but they are in a great minority as compared with the Unitarian Friends. It was in the year 1827 the separation took place; the Quaker population was estimated, at that time, at about 160,000 souls; one-third remained in communion with the orthodox Friends of England, the other portion with ELIAS HICKS at their head, a man about eighty years of age, were willing to be accounted as cut off from the English churches, rather than sacrifice their convictions of what they esteemed to be religious truth, and be freemen in Christ Jesus our Lord. They still retain the peculiarities of Quakerism, nor do they fraternise as the Christians and Universalists do with the Unitarians. The works of Unitarians, we are told, are appreciated by them, and a short time ago we saw an account of one of their female speakers openly avowing, that in religious doctrine, they were Unitarian. As a body they openly avow their disbelief in the Trinity, and say "that these names have been used as blinds, to conceal from the public the deplorable ignorance of priests and professors in relation to divine things." They lay much stress on the importance of the "*inward light*," and

declare that the union of the soul with God, by obedience to the manifestations of his spirit with us, is the whole sum and substance of the Christian religion. The "FRIENDS," in England, assume quite an unfriendly attitude towards their heterodox family in America. Their number of meeting-houses, twenty years ago, was 379. There has been a decline during the last twenty years among the Quakers of both America and England: no doubt it has affected the Unitarian as well as the Trinitarian Quakers, so that number will be somewhat lessened since it was taken in 1837. There is a great deal of affected simplicity, we fancy, among the "Friends," amounting to what we would call unnaturalness, not truthful to nature, "unco guid and rigidly righteous" in their fashion; this, no doubt, accounts for their decrease in numbers. We rejoice to number them among us as auxiliary to the cause of Christian Unitarianism, as well as promoters of peace and good-will among the nations of the earth. Our views of Christian doctrines are a basis broad enough, it may be seen, for the "*Spiritualism*" of the "*Friends*," and for the "*Materialism*" of "*Dr. Priestly*;" for a future age of more mind and larger hearts will, we think, discover that many things apparently antagonistic are not in opposition to each other; so we in *faith* will walk, in *hope* of more light, that will be poured down upon us, and meanwhile live in the bonds of *love* one with another. The gospel of Jesus Christ most surely embraces in its arms more phases of thought and life than have yet entered into any of our hearts to conceive.

We now conclude our brief and imperfect sketches of *seven* denominations; TRANSYLVANIAN, BRITISH, IRISH, AMERICAN, CHRISTIAN, UNIVERSALIST, and QUAKER UNITARIANS. We might have included churches in *Switzerland*, *Holland*, *Germany*, *Prussia*, and *France*. Numerous are the churches on the Continent which are openly rejecting the doctrine of a Triune-deity, Eternal Torments and kindred doctrines. BUNSEN, the late ambassador from Prussia, affirms that the writings of *Dr Channing* are exercising a most powerful influence on the continental mind: that no man living or dead has so great a "hold of the religious and thinking minds of Europe." Finally, we say to our readers, thank God and take courage, for the last one hundred years have made a terrible inroad upon superstition and religious errors. Lift up your eyes and see; the world is ripening for the harvest of pure gospel light and life, and the reapers do not slowly enter the field for the labour. Thousands who do not bear our name are going forth with our spirit and doctrines—the literature of the age, the free spirit of the nations, the associated efforts for education, the promulgation of true science, the overthrow of dominant priesthoods; and in every church the spirit of liberal views and rational godliness, impersonified in many of their most popular ministers, are doing the good work. Let no hands hang feebly down from want of opportunities to work, or encouragement to success. We deliberately say they do not understand the age they live in who talk that our doctrines are not progressing; and they are blind as bats who say our faith is retrograding. We say *where* is it receding, and *when* did the retrogression commence. Over all Christendom are churches springing up, living only in the faith we hold. The ministers of many Trinitarian churches and their papers, confess that our doctrines, in their own communions, are spreading most alarmingly. One hundred years ago there were about one hundred Unitarian ministers in the world, now there are about 3,000 distinctly so. There was then a population of about 50,000 Unitarians in the world, now there are about 2,000,000. There were then 120 Unitarian churches, now there are not less than 3,500. We are not sure there was one Unitarian periodical then, now how numerous. How great the influence of our standard literature, and the number of our associations! Here then we raise, in 1859, our "Ebenezer," and say, "hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and we never despair, for our doctrines being the truth, pure and undefiled, as it is in Christ Jesus, WILL GO ON AND POSSESS THE WHOLE LAND.

## DUTIES OF WINTER.

The long winter nights! Dark, cold, and stern as they seem, they are the friends of wisdom, the patrons of literature, the nurses of vigorous, patient, inquisitive, and untiring intellect. To some, indeed, they come particularly associated, when not with gloom, with various gay scenes of amusement, with lighted halls, lively music, and a few (hundred) friends. To others, the dearest scene which they present, is the cheerful fireside, instructive books, studious and industrious children, and those friends, whether many or few, whom the heart and experience acknowledge to be such. Society has claims; social intercourse is profitable as well as pleasant; amusements are naturally sought for by the young, and such as are innocent they may well partake of; but it may be asked, whether, when amusements run into excess, they do not leave their innocence behind them in the career; whether light social intercourse, when it takes up a great deal of time, has anything valuable to pay in return for that time; and whether the claims of society can in any way be better satisfied than by the intelligence, the sobriety, and the peaceableness of its members? Such qualities and habits must be acquired at home; and not by idleness even there, but by study. The winter evenings seem to be given to us, not exclusively, but chiefly, for instruction. They invite us to instruct ourselves, to instruct others, and to do our part in furnishing all proper means of instruction.

We must instruct ourselves. Whatever our age, condition, or occupation may be, this is a duty which we cannot safely neglect, and for the performance of which the season affords abundant opportunity. To know what other minds have done, is not the work of a moment; and it is only to be known from the records which they have left of themselves, or from what has been recorded of them. To instruct ourselves is necessarily our own work; but we cannot well instruct ourselves without learning from others. The stores of our own minds it is for ourselves to use for the best effects and to the greatest advantage; but if we do not acquire with diligence, from external sources, there would be very few of us who would have any store to use. Let no one undervalue intellectual means, who wishes to effect intellectual ends. The best workman will generally want the best tools, and the best assortment of them.

We must instruct others. This duty belongs most especially to parents. All who have children, have pupils. The winter evening is the chosen time to instruct them, when they have past the tenderest years of their childhood. Those who have school-tasks to learn should not be left to toil in solitude; but should be encouraged by the presence, aided by the superior knowledge of their parents, whose pleasure as well as duty it should be to lend them a helping hand along the road, not always easy, of learning. While the child is leaning over his book, the father and the mother should be nigh, that when he looks up in weariness or perplexity, he may find, at least, the assistance of sympathy. They need not be absolutely tied to the study-table, but they should not often hesitate between the calls of amusement abroad and the demands for parental example, guidance, and companionship at home. They will lose no happiness by denying themselves many pleasures, and will find that the most brilliant of lustres are their own domestic lamp, and the cheerful and intelligent eyes of their children.

But all have not children; and the children of some are too young to be permitted to remain with their parents beyond the earliest hours of evening; and the children of others are old enough to accompany their parents abroad. For all those who think they could pleasantly and profitably receive instruction of a public nature, and for this purpose spend an hour or two away from their homes, there is, happily, a plenty of instruction provided. Winter is the very season for public instruction; and it must be said, to their honour, that our citizens have excellently improved it as such. Opportunities of gaining useful knowledge have been provided, and they have not been neglected by those for whom the provision has been made. The foun-

tains of waters have been opened, and the thirsty have been refreshed. The home instruction is to be placed at the head of all instruction; yet there are numbers who have not instruction at home, and numbers who have none at home to whom they may communicate instruction: and there are numbers who find it convenient and useful to mingle public and domestic instruction together, or alternate the one with the other. And when it is considered that the public lectures referred to are charged with little expense to the hearers; that they are delivered by the best and ablest men among us; that hundreds of youth resort to them, many of whom are, in all probability, saved from idleness, and some from vice and crime; and that, to all who may attend them, they afford a rational employment of time, we may look to the continuance of such means of knowledge and virtue as one of the most inestimable of benefits.

I come now to the second great duty of winter—that of charity. Winter is the peculiar season of charity. The sun, the generous friend of the poor, is summoned to withdraw his heat, and seems to say to us, that we must keep our hearts the warmer toward them till he returns with it again. The piercing cold finds an easy entrance through the broken panes and wide seams of the day-labourer's room or hovel, and little fire on his hearth to tame its severity. The price of fuel is high. The children fall sick, from cold, and scantiness of clothing, and insufficient food; and by-and-bye the father or mother is obliged to give up labour, and lie down on the bed of pain. This is the season for charity. If they who are in plenty think not now and act for those who are destitute, I believe that they will one day rue their insensibility. I know that difficulties surround this whole subject. I know that the benevolent are frequently imposed upon by the most outrageous falsehoods. I know that improvidence, intemperance, and multifold vices are the prolific causes of pauperism and misery. I know all this well, because I have seen it. I know that if we give ever so cautiously we shall sometimes give to the undeserving. I have been imposed upon myself, and perhaps laughed at by the objects of my pity. Every one has been imposed upon who has listened to the suggestions of his heart; and if he has not been imposed upon at all, I believe that he has greatly imposed upon himself. I would rather be deceived once, twice, thrice, than to know that, through my neglect, or my excessive caution, a fellow-being had been frozen or starved, or had suffered severely through cold and hunger. It is certainly our duty to examine as well as to give, and make a wide difference, both in our regards and donations, between laziness and crippled industry—between the vicious poor and the virtuous poor. But when the most degraded cry out for food, and clothing, and fire, shall they be refused? Surely they err in every point of view when they forsake the path of honesty and truth; for they inevitably lose by it. But ignorance, dark ignorance, is some excuse, and pinching want is a strong and present temptation. And then, how stands our own account with Heaven? Are we ready, that our own offences should be strictly marked, and severely visited?—F. W. P. Greenwood.

## GOD BLESS THEM.

BY C. G. DUNN.

The winter wind blows o'er the moor,
And sweeps along the lea,
There's misery at the poor man's door—
There's wretchedness at sea.
God bless the sailor on the sea!
And guide him through the storm;
For sad's the heart without the light
Of hope to keep it warm.

There's meagre forms to-night, and weak,
That lounge not round the fire,
Where cheering flames of comfort speak,
And gratified desire.
God bless such stricken ones to-night,
And guard them with his arm;
And in their hearts renew the light
Of hope, to keep them warm.

God bless the sailor on the sea!
God bless the toiling man!
God bless the home where poverty
Sits gloomy-faced and wan!
God bless all of my fellow-men,
And shield them from this storm;
For sad's the heart without the light
Of hope to keep it warm.

## THE "LONDON TIMES" AND THE ATONEMENT.

It may be partly true that the "*Times*" is a vane that shows which way the national wind blows. That Trinitarianism is veering into a more rational, scriptural, and useful direction no one can question. The Calvinistic "*Record*," of Boston, expresses its sorrow that the "orthodox churches of the United States are falling into Unitarian views of the Atonement." Professor Jowett, of Oxford, a leading theological tutor of English clergymen, has renounced the view that God is *appeased* by the death of Christ, and has spoken out in the clearest contempt of such a theory. That God required no atonement, but that man is to be reconciled and made better by the death of Christ. This is plain, undisguised Unitarianism; and the "*Times*" commends these views of the Professor in so forcible a way we have ventured to transcribe a few of the passages to our pages. The '*Times*' affirms the doctrines called orthodox, at present, are not apostolic, and that Jowett's are the views of the apostles. It says: "Its first and chief characteristic (see Jowett's work) lies in its endeavour to re-produce the apostolic age and apostolic writings free from the incrustations of modern theories and modern associations. . . . . Others have applied their classical knowledge to elucidate the outward expressions and arguments of the apostles. But Professor Jowett has done far more than any of these. He has approached the apostolic writings with the view, not of imposing his meaning on them, but of learning their own meaning from themselves. He has placed himself not merely on the external scene, but in the living atmosphere of the apostolic age. . . . We may be startled, but we must not be offended, by finding ourselves thus transplanted from our own time into that of the founders of our faith. We must be thankful to those who have made the effort for us, which we, through our natural weakness, could not have made for ourselves. So to re-produce the past by the microscopic power of scholarship, and by the telescopic power of genius and learning, is the very purpose for which Universities are endowed and for which theology exists."

Here follows a most telling and truthful statement of the case. "The one (that is the view of Atonement) the more modern and popular, represents the object of the Atonement to be the appeasing of the Divine wrath through the sufferings of Christ. The other the more ancient and simple, represents it to be the reconciliation of mankind through union with God in Christ. To this latter view Professor Jowett evidently leans, in company with many students of theology in the present day, not only on the Continent, but in England and Scotland also. In earlier ages the same view, in substance, prevailed almost universally. St. Justin, St. Irenæus, St. Athanasius, and St. Chrysostom all lay down the same fundamental axiom, that the essence and object of the Divine redemption consisted in the moral restoration of the human soul. . . . And it is curious that Professor Jowett, when he descends into detail (even while seeming verbally to differ), does, in fact, coincide with the noblest of all the scholastic divines. 'Not the sacrifice, not the satisfaction, not the ransom, but the greatest moral act ever done in this world, the act, too, of one in our likeness, is the assurance to us that God in Christ is reconciled to the world.' . . . We can live and die, in the words of St. Paul and St. John, without fear for ourselves or dishonour to the name of Christ. We need not change a word that they use, or add a single consequence to their statement of the truth."

The "*Times*" concludes its notice of Professor Jowett's work with the following words. "We congratulate the University of Oxford and the Church of England on the conclusion of a work of which they may be justly proud. We gratefully acknowledge that a treatise, such as this, which has been able to win for itself a place in the theological libraries of foreign countries, and which commands the respectful attention of the intelligent classes of our own, is the best kind of support which the cause of religion can receive in an age like ours. Professor Jowett is well known to have

acquired, by his personal character and by his unwearied devotion to the work of education, an influence over the rising generation such as few, if any, of his academical cotemporaries have attained. Let that influence be used in the direction indicated in the foregoing extracts from his work, and we may rest well assured that the cynical and sceptical spirit of the time will have met with an antidote such as we shall vainly expect from any other quarter."

## GOD SPEAKS.

"Every word of God is true."—*Proverbs* xxx. 5.

God spoke to us one morning, in words of thrilling beauty. The trees were hung with icicles, and the sun shone brightly upon them. Every branch sparkled as it were with gold and silver. Nature wore her ornaments then. The trees were God's words to his children. How this sweet language moved our hearts! How it filled us with joy! We listened, we caught inspiration from his words, and performed our labours more cheerfully and faithfully, for that morning's talk with God.

God spoke to us in the swiftly falling snow-flakes, the other day. How silently they fell, yet how thickly; deeply wrapped they the earth in garments of white. What did God say then?

"Be ye clothed in gold and purple?"

"No."

"Be ye pure in heart," he whispered.

"Wear ye, in the winter of life, garments like the newly fallen snow, beautiful, holy."

"Let your love and faith wrap in its close embrace all humanity, as the snow-flakes cover the withered leaves and faded beauty of summer."

These were God's words to us that day, as the snow came with this sweet burden of love upon its wings. Did all his children hear his voice then?

What an orator is Nature, when God speaks through her!

Listen to her, little children; she will teach you holy lessons.

God speaks within us. That "still small voice" is his.

When angry, listen to it. It will still the tempest.

When sin molests, wait for the counsel of your God.

Tossed by the fever of worldly ambition, crying for one drop from the fountain of fame, pause and listen, as God speaks: "Ho! every one that thirsteth."

Go to the well of life, and drink the living water. It will cool the heated passions, and quench the fires of sin.

Little children, cherish the voice within, for it is God talking with you.

God speaks in the storms of life, when the sky is black with black clouds of adversity; when the winds of misfortune blow, then hear we his voice calling to us through the darkness: "Come unto me, I will give you rest."

In the sunshine of life, little children, hear his words of love, "Seek me early." Seek him in your happy hours.

Lay not aside your play; hush not your laughter; leave not your path of flowers and your warm atmosphere, to seek amid the gloom and shadows of life for your God. He dwells not in darkness.

Seek him not in the pomp and hypocrisy of outward worldly pretensions.

Offer no boastful sacrifice upon God's altar. No; God wears glory like a garment, and asks not, needs not, a costly sacrifice of show and pretence.

Seek God, dear children, where he ever dwells, in your own souls.

Let the curling incense of a cheerful, loving, obedient heart, there ascend from the altar where burn the eternal fires of trusting, child-like piety.

God speaks to us in the lives of the good, the faithful.

He will speak in every act of yours that is worthy and holy. Through you he will ever appeal to the good and sacred in the hearts around you, if you will abide with him.

He speaks through the Bible. There let God teach you; there learn of him the great mystery of life; there learn to be wise. Let God's word ever be a "lamp to your feet."

He speaks through Jesus. Go, "sit at his feet and learn of him."

Little children, the world is full of home-sick, sin-sick, weary wanderers, because so few are true to their Divine mission; so many refuse to be guided

by a loving father. Oh! voice of God, still thrill through the hearts of men; along the winding paths of sin, may echoes sound, till tempters may fly affrighted when God speaks.

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

## A PATIENT HUSBAND.

I have been, for ten years, more than the friend, I may say the brother, of an eminent physiologist, who carried with him into the natural sciences an exquisite sense of moral things.

I learned much from him on many subjects, but especially of love,

One thing struck me in this very delicate and gifted man, the systematic perfection of his domestic life. He had a wife, comely but graceful, ignorant but charming (a native of Savoy). He has found means to engage her in his ideas, his researches, and his discoveries.

He worked with no display of instruments, no laboratory, near her and by his fireside—inventing such a reduced and convenient apparatus as to carry on in a common room experiments, often complicated, which, on a large scale, would have taken him away from home and from his wife, and thus broken up this union and harmony of minds.

A great trial came upon him. His wife, in consequence of a family malady, became insane, and continued so for a year or two. He kept her with him, and continued his labours in the midst of this harrowing distraction.

Her madness was mild enough, but she talked continually. She dreamed wide awake. She was troubled with vain fears. She interlarded all conversation with queer speeches, and hardly permitted you to follow the thread of an idea. Her husband's patience never failed him. One day I expressed my admiration of his conduct. He said to me: "In an asylum, where they would treat her harshly, where they would not put up with her little whims, she would become entirely mad, and would never recover. But well treated, not being startled or frightened, seeing only a friendly face, hearing only connected and sensible words, she will be cured at last, without any other remedy." And so, in fact, it did really happen.—*Michelet.*

## A NOBLE BOY.

THE following episode in street life—life in Paris—is a beautiful gem, and should be in all memories surrounded with sweetest thought and sympathy:

About nine o'clock in the morning, a little boy of twelve, whose jacket of white cloth and apron of the same, distinctly indicated that he followed the profession of pastry-cook, was returning from market with an open basket on his head, containing butter and eggs. When he had reached the vicinity of the Church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd, was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, and fell to the ground with his basket. The poor lad, when he saw his eggs all broken, and his butter tumbled in the gutter, began to cry bitterly and wring his hands. A person who happened to be in the crowd that gathered around the little fellow drew a ten sous piece from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood grouped around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by this accident. Influenced by his example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy's apron contained a respectable collection of copper and silver. When all had contributed their quota, our young valet, whose distress had vanished in a moment, as though by enchantment, warmly thanked his new benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum he had received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes. But instead of quietly putting this sum in his pocket, he produced the bill of the articles he had lost, and as its total amounted only to fourteen francs, he appropriated no more than that sum; and then observing in the group that surrounded him a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked up to her and placed the remainder in her hand. Certainly it would have been impossible to show himself more deserving of public generosity, or to acknowledge it in a handsomer manner. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety in one so young.

## THE OVERFLOWING CUP.

A COMPANY of ladies were assembled in a friend's parlour, when the conversation chanced to turn on earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate. One of the ladies so plaintively said: "My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish. I was always gay and light-hearted, and married at nineteen one I loved more than all the world beside. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or on a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown, one of those fierce, black storms came on, which are so common in our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, still the elements raved. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe to reach a little spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one loved a husband more—but *that was not trouble.*

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other as their little islands grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hand to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, cannot imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—*that was not trouble.*

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retired from it until an All-powerful Hand stayed the waves, that they should come no farther. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet *that was not trouble.*

"My baby was all that I had left on earth. I laboured night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof, that he might be unrestrained in the pursuits of evil, and at last, when heated by wine one night, he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My Heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before, but now it ran over. *That was trouble*, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will spare you from ever experiencing."

### A NICE POINT OF LAW.

I heard this anecdote from a gentleman long a resident in Philadelphia. Two Quakers in that place applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide in the following difficulty: A is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets B, an insurer, and states his wish to have the vessel insured. The matter is agreed upon. A returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He his afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should B hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him; he, therefore, writes to B thus: "Friend B, if thee hasn't filled up the policy, thee needn't, for *I've heard of the ship.*" "Oh, oh!" thinks B to himself, "cunning fellow; he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to A: "Friend A, thee be'est too late by half-an-hour, the policy *is* filled." A rubs his hands with delight, yet B refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them.—*Essays by the Rev. John Eagles, M.A.*

## EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURAL TEXTS ADVANCED TO SUSTAIN UNSCRIPTURAL DOCTRINES.

### DEITY OF CHRIST.

The following passages are occasionally advanced as evidence of the Godhead of Christ. We will give the meaning of each text in the very words of Trinitarian expositors. With these we close this section.

"Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee,"—Ps. ii. 7. "To-day have I adopted thee."—*Dr. Geddes.* "To-day declared thee to be King."—*Rosenmuller.*

"Kiss the Son, lest he be angry. . . . . Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." —Psalm ii. 12. "To whom I counsel you to go and do your homage, and to pay him all the honour that is due to God's vicegerent."—*Bishop Patrick.*

"Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that Jehovah God might dwell among them."—Psalm lxviii.; 18; also Eph. iv. 8. *Calvin* says, "We must not be too scrupulous about the literal sense of this Psalm, seeing that Paul only alludes to the Psalmist's words, even as he applies a passage of Moses to the matter in hand." *Rosenmuller* says, "that the Apostle Paul applied these words to Christ merely by accommodation." *Dr. Bloomfield* says, "The Psalm may not, in its original and primary sense, have reference to the Messiah."

"I saw also the Lord, sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple, etc."—Isaiah vi. 1; also John xii. 41. "I am aware that some explain this of the Son of God, because the evangelist John says, agreeably to the manuscripts in common use: 'These things said Esaias when he saw his glory.' But some manuscripts and versions, instead of *his* read *of God*, whence it may be suspected that here, as in other places, the common reading is a fraud of pious transcribers."—*Le Clerc.*

"And they shall look on me whom they have pierced."—Zech. xii. 10; also John xix. 37. *Blayney* and *Boothroyd* read this text "They shall look on *him* whom they pierced." *Benson* says, "In its reference to God, as being pierced, it is merely figurative." "Those who attempt to explain this passage, literally, of Christ, do great violence to it."—*Calvin.*

"For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."—Matt. iii. 3; Mark i. 3; Luke iii. 4; John i. 23. "From these words, compared with other passages, some prove that Christ is God. . . . . And it is the God of Israel who saith, 'Behold I send my messenger before my face, or before me.' . . . But to this the Socinians answer, 'He who persecutes the members of Christ persecutes Christ himself; he that despiseth Christ's messengers despiseth him; and he that despiseth him despiseth Him that sent him; and he that lied to the apostles lied to God; and he that received them received him; and he that shows an act of charity shows it to him: then, in like manner, he that goes before God's great Prophet and Ambassador may be said to go before God also.' These answers must be confuted before we can depend upon the strength of this argument."—*Dr. Whitby.*

"And Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee."—Matt. ix. 2; Mark ii. 3—5; Luke v. 18—20. "Here the cause is put for the effect; and it means, be thy palsy removed." —*Bishop Pearce.* "The scribes thought that no one could forgive sin except God, and those who spoke in his name, and were sent by him. But they did not receive Jesus as a divine messenger, and thence inferred that he who arrogated to himself power from God, which was not received, made himself God, and therefore blasphemed."—*Rosenmuller.*

"If I cast out devils by the spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you."—Matt. xii. 28. "This may signify no more than by divine co-operation."—*Bishop Middleton.*

"Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God."—Matt. xvi. 14. "Son of God, spoken of Jesus Christ, in the Jewish sense, as the Messiah, the Anointed, the Christ, the expected King of the Jewish nation, constituted of God, and his vicegerent in the world."—*Dr. Robinson.*

"Good Master, what good thing shall I do; that I may have eternal life? And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God."—Matt. xix. 17; Mark x. 17; Luke xviii. 18. "I do not understand the interrogation, Why callest thou me good? in so subtle a manner as many interpreters do; as if Christ insinuated his Deity."—*Calvin.* "Jesus means that he does not merit the title of Good Master, which the man gave him, because he was sent by Him who alone is good."—*Beausobre.*

"And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias."—Luke i. 15. "Thy Son shall be the precursor of the first coming, in which God, by the Messiah, his Son, will descend to the earth."—*Erasmus.*

"He that cometh after me (said John) is preferred before me."—John i. 15. "This is said not of the divine nature but of the office of Christ, and is repeated in verse 27 and 30, where he is called a man."—*Bengel.*

"No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten, who is in the bosom of the

Father, he hath declared him."—John i. 18. "To be in the bosom is a figurative expression, denoting a high degree of confidence, intimacy, and love."—*Hewlett.* "No man ever before had so perfect a knowledge of the will of God."—*Dr. Sherlock.*

"Him hath God, the Father, sealed."—John vi. 27. "God hath impressed him with power as with a seal."—*Beza.* "The ancients acted wrongly in wresting this passage in favour of the divine essence of Christ."—*Calvin.*

"As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father."—John x. 15. The expression rendered, *knoweth* and *know*, is interpreted *loveth, esteemeth, approveth*, by Beza, Horne, Grotius, Bloomfield, and many others.

"I have power to lay my life down, and I have power to take it again."—John x. 18. "I have power to rescue my life from present danger."—*Grotius.*

"Is it not written in your law, I said, ye are gods? If he called them gods unto whom the word of God came, . . . . say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent unto the world, thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God."—John x. 36. "The word God is used in Scripture to distinguish rulers and magistrates, as 'God's ministers,' 'powers ordained of God.' So that were he even a prophet, and no more; were he but another Moses, or another Elijah, whom God had 'sanctified and sent into the world,' he might, without blasphemy, be styled the Son of God."—*Bishop Sumner.*

"As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him."—John xvii. 2. "Since thou hast constituted him Lord of all men, both Jews and Gentiles, namely, by his doctrine; so that he hath the power of granting felicity to all who receive that doctrine."—*Kuinoel.*

"For thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."—John xvii. 24. "The expression, *before the foundation of the world*, is not only applicable to the Son, but also to us, concerning whom Paul testifies."—Eph. i. 4. "He hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love."—*Salermon.*

"Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee."—John xxi. 17. "Thou possessest a peculiar and extraordinary knowledge of the human mind."—*Kuinoel.*

"And they prayed, and said, Thou Lord who knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen."—Acts i. 24. "The disciples laid the matter before *God*, that he might decide it by the lot."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

"In his humiliation his judgment was taken away; and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth."—Acts viii. 33. "That is who can describe the malice of the generation, by whom he was condemned? or who can describe his spiritual posterity? or who can describe the duration of his kingdom, which is to be eternal?"—*Beausobre et L'Enfant.*

"Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of serpents."—1 Cor. x. 4. "The sense must be, let us not tempt Christ as some of them tempted God."—*Dr. Wall.*

"The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second is the Lord from heaven."—1 Cor. xv. 47. "The second man, from whom we derive our spiritual body, even the Lord will come from heaven to raise us, is heavenly. His body is perfectly adapted to the heavenly state in which he now lives."—*Dr. Macknight.*

"God was in Christ."—2 Cor. v. 19. "It was God himself that sent Christ to redeem us, and was in Christ, reconciling the lapsed world to himself."—*Baxter.*

"And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."—Eph. i. 22. "Appointed him head or supreme lord over all things, for the formation, enlargement, and preservation of the Church. . . . Who filleth all his members with all their spiritual gifts and graces."—*Dr. Macknight.*

"But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death."—Phil. ii. 7. "He voluntarily led an indigent life."—*Grotius.* "He was made like common men, being subject to all human infirmities."—*Piscator.* "In obedience to the will of his Father he subjected himself to all manner of indignities, and death itself, no less than if he had been one of the meanest sort of persons. Suffered himself to be killed."—*Le Clerc.*

"I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."—Phil. iv. 13. "By the use of the doctrine of Christ." — *Rosenmuller. Griesbach* expunges the word *Christ* from the text.

"For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."—Col. i. 19. "It pleased God that Christ should possess all the blessings which are bestowed upon Christians, that to them he might be the fountain of all blessings."—*Rosenmuller.*

"Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, . . . bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all."—Col. iii. 11. "That is the Christian religion concerns all men, of whatever nation and rank they may be."—*Father Simon.*

"But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, etc."—Titus iii. 4. "That the *Father* is here called God our Saviour is evident from verse 6."—*Dr. Macknight.*

"Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth."—Heb. i. 10. "Again what was said of God the writer accommodates to the Messiah, . . . . that the new and better world would be made by him."—*Grotius.*

"For verily he took not on (him the nature of) angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham."—Heb. ii. 16. The simple meaning of this passage is, Jesus Christ came not as an angel, sought not to succour, aid, help angelic beings, but came as a child of Abraham to help his brethren. A man of like feelings and passions as ourselves, to aid and protect such as we. Read the previous and following verses. "If we consult the Greek commentators we shall find that this was the ancient interpretation of the whole Greek Church (*he brings assistance to, he protects not angels, but the seed of Abraham*), and that our vulgar reading is a novelty."—*Ernesti.* "All modern interpreters of any scholarship understand the text as *Ernesti* does; and the rendering (*on him the nature*) is one of the greatest errors in our authorised version."—*Charles H. Terrot.* "On him the nature," is marked doubtful, by italics, in many of the English versions.

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also likewise took part of the same."—Heb. ii. 14. It is very dogmatically affirmed from this text that Christ was more than man, as it seemed *his choice* to take part of flesh and blood; but then this very verse speaks of us all as *partakers*, or as *taken a part* of flesh and blood, so that nothing can be safely adduced in favour of his deity from this phraseology. The following eminent divines, *Rosenmuller, Bloomfield, Stuart, Doddridge, Beza,* and many others admit that this means, "As we are partakers of flesh and blood, he in the same manner is a partaker of flesh and blood."

"According as his *divine power* hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness."—2 Peter i. 3. "*Divine power*" is referred to God the Father by *Macknight, Grotius, Bengel,* and others. *Baxter* says, "As his divine power hath, in and by Christ, provided and given us all things necessary to life."

"And this is the confidence that we have in *him*, that if we ask anything according to his will he heareth us."—1 John v. 14. "It is not quite certain, it must be acknowledged, that this relates to the Son of God, . . . much stress therefore cannot be laid upon this text."—*Holden.*

"And all the churches shall know that I am he who searcheth the veins and hearts; and will give unto every one of you according to your works."—Rev. ii. 23. "God communicated to the man Jesus Christ . . . . the power of searching the veins and hearts."—*Limborch.*

"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—Jude, 25th verse. "The name Saviour is often applied to God the Father, as the original author of our salvation."—*Dr. Bloomfield.*

## THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe's last novel is called the "*Minister's Wooing,*" and we rejoice to say, though she is a Presbyterian, the wife of a Presbyterian Minister and Professor, and the daughter, too, of a most eminent Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity, she is making sad ruin of some doctrines they have long sincerely cherished. The doctrine of *election* and *eternal torments* are most openly assailed in the extract we are now about to give. Long may her life be spared, not only to aid to break in pieces the fetters of the slave, but to break the chains of superstition which hold so many minds in the most abject, slavish bondage.

Mrs. Marvyn, her friend Mary, her husband, Dr. Hopkins her minister, and Candace her slave, are the persons introduced in this extract. Mrs. Marvyn has lost her boy, and she dreads he may not be among the elect, and in her dread misery of doubt speaks out.

"Mary," she said, "I can't help it,—don't mind what I say, but I must speak or die!—Mary, I cannot, will not be resigned!—it is all hard, unjust, cruel!—to all eternity I will not say so! To me there is no goodness, no mercy, no justice in anything! Life seems to me the most tremendous doom that can be inflicted on a helpless being! *What had we done,* that it should be sent upon us? Why were we made to love so, to hope so,—our hearts so full of feeling, and all the laws of Nature marching over us,—never stopping for our agony? Why, we can suffer so in this life that we had better never been born!

"But, Mary, think what a moment life is! think of those awful ages of eternity! then think of all God's power and knowledge used on the lost to make them suffer! think that all but the merest fragment of mankind have gone to this,—are in it now! The number of the elect is so small we can scarce count them for anything! Think what noble minds, what warm, generous hearts, what splendid natures are wrecked and thrown away by thousands and tens of thousands! How we love each other! how our hearts weave into each other! how more glad we should be to die for each other! And all this ends—O God, how must this end?—Mary, it isn't *my* sorrow only! What right have I to mourn? Is *my* son any better than any other mother's son? Thousands of thousands, whose mothers loved them as I love mine, are gone there!—Oh, my wedding-day! Why did they rejoice? Brides should wear mourning,—the bells should toll for every wedding; every new family is built over this awful pit of despair, and only one in a thousand escapes!" . . .

"Dr. Hopkins says that this is all best,—better than it would have been in any other possible way,—that God *chose* it because it was for a greater final good,—that He not only chose it, but took means to make it certain,—that He

ordains every sin, and does all that is necessary to make it certain,—that he creates the vessels of wrath and fits them for destruction, and that He has an infinite knowledge, by which He can do it without violating their free agency. So much the worse! What a use of infinite knowledge! What if a man should do so? What if a father should take means to make it certain that his poor little child should be an abandoned wretch, without violating his free agency? So much the worse, I say! They say He does this so that He may show to all eternity, by their example, the evil nature of sin and its consequences? This is all that the greater part of the human race have been used to yet; and it is all right, because an overplus of infinite happiness is yet to be wrought out of it!—It is *not* all right! No possible amount of good to ever so many can make it right to deprave ever so few;—happiness and misery cannot be measured so! I never can think it right,—never! Yet they say our salvation depends on loving God,—loving Him better than ourselves,—loving Him better than our dearest friends. It is impossible!—it is contrary to the laws of my nature! I can never love God! I can never praise Him! —I am lost! lost! lost! And what is worse, I cannot redeem my friends! Oh, I *could* suffer for ever,—how willingly!—if I could save *him!* But, oh, eternity, eternity! Frightful, unspeakable woe! No end!—no bottom!—no shore! no hope!—O God! O God!"

Mrs. Marvyn's eyes grew wilder; she walked the floor, wringing her hands,—and her words mingled with shrieks and moans, became whirling and confused, as when in autumn a storm drives the leaves in dizzy mazes.

Mary was alarmed,—the ecstacy of despair was just verging on insanity. She rushed out and called Mr. Marvyn.

"O! come in! do! quick! I'm afraid her mind is going!" she said.

"It is what I feared," he said, rising from where he sat reading his great Bible, with an air of heart-broken dejection. "Since she heard the news, she has not slept nor shed a tear. The Lord hath covered us with a cloud in the day of his fierce anger."

He came into the room, and tried to take his wife into his arms. She pushed him violently back, her eyes glistening with a fierce light. "Leave me alone!" she said. "I am a lost spirit!"

These words were uttered in a shriek that went through Mary's heart like an arrow.

At this moment, Candace, who had been anxiously listening at the door for an hour past, suddenly burst into the room.

"Lor' bless ye, Squire Marvyn, we won't hab her goin' on dis way," she said. "Do talk *gosple* to her, can't ye?—ef you can't, I will."

And Candace, the poor black slave, became her nurse and gospel minister.

"Come, ye poor little lamb." she said, walking straight up to Mrs. Marvyn, "come to ole Candace!"—and with that she gathered the pale form to her bosom, and sat down and began rocking her, as if she had been a babe. "Honey darling, ye a'n't right,—dar's a drefful mistake somewhar," she said. "Why, the Lord a'n't like what ye tink. He *loves* ye, honey! Why, jes feel how *I* loves ye,—poor old black Candace,—an' I a'n't better than Him as made me! Who was it wore de crown o' thorns, lamb?—who was it sweat great drops o' blood?—who was it said 'Father forgive dem?' Say, honey! —wasn't it de Lord? Dar, dar, now ye'r cryin'! —cry away, and ease your heart! He died for Mass'r Jim (that was the name of the little boy) —loved him and *died* for him—jes' give up his sweet, precious body and soul, for him on the cross! Laws, jes' *leave* him in Jesus' hands! Why, honey, dar's de very print o' de nails in his hands now!"

The flood-gates were rent; and healing sobs and tears shook the frail form, as a faded lily shakes under the soft rains of summer. All in the room wept together.

"Now, honey," said Candace, after a pause of some minutes, "I know our Rev. Doctor's a mighty good man, an' larned, an' in fair weather I han't no objection to yer hearin' all about dese yer great an' mighty tings he's got to say. But, honey, dey won't do for you now; sick folks mus'n't hab strong meat; an' times like dese, dar jes' a'n't but one ting to come to, an' dat ar's *Jesus*. Jes' come right down to whar poor old black Candace hab to stay allers,—it's a good place, darlin'! *Look right at Jesus.* Tell me, honey, ye can't live no other way now. Don't ye 'member how He looked on His mother, when she stood faintin' and tremblin' under de cross, jes' like you? He knows all your mothers' hearts; He won't break yours. It wat jes' 'cause He know'd we'd come into straits like dis yer, dat He went through all dese tings,—Him, de Lord o' Glory! Is dis Him ye was a talkin' about? Him ye can't love? Look at Him, an' see ef ye can't. Look an' see what He is!—don't ask no questions, an' don't go to no reasonin's,—jes' look at *Him*, hanging' dar, so sweet and patient, on de cross! All dey could do could not stop His lovin' 'em; He prayed for 'em with all de breath He had. Dar's a God you can love, a'n't dar? Candace loves Him,—poor, ole, foolish, black, wicked Candace, 'an she knows He loves her,"—and her Candace broke down into torrents of weeping.

They laid the mother, faint and weary, on her bed, and beneath the shadows of that suffering cross came down a healing sleep on those weary eyelids.

"Honey," said Candace, mysteriously, after she had drawn Mary out of the room, "don't ye go for to troublin' yer mind wid dis yer. I'm clar Mass'r James is one o' de 'lect; and I'm clar dar's consid'able more o' de 'lect dan people tink. Why, Jesus didn't die for nothin',—all dat love a'n't to be wasted. De 'lect is more'n you or I knows, honey! Mass'r James *is* called an' took, depend upon it de Lord has got him ready,—course He has, so don't ye go to layin' on yer poor heart what no mortal creetur can live under; 'cause as we's got to live in dis yer world, its quite clar de Lord must ha' fixed it so; and ef tings was as some folks suppose, why, we *couldn't* live, an' dar wouldn't be no sense in anyting dat goes on."

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

RELIGION.—Some persons look upon religion as a medicine; to others it is their necessary food.

PRAYER.—Sir Thomas Brown defines sleep to be death's younger brother, and says, "so like him that I never dare to trust myself with him without saying my prayers."

BOTH SIDES OF THE HOUSE.—You may wish to get a wife without a failing, but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character?

ANCIENT IDEA OF THE CHURCH.—Chrysostom thus unfolds the phrase "one body" in Eph. iv. 4: "Believers everywhere in the world, they who are, and have been, and shall be."—Hom. 10, § 1097.

THE FEMALE FRIEND.—A Hindoo female said to a Christian lady, "Your Bible must have been written by a woman; it contains so many kind things about us. Our Shasters say nothing but what is hard and cruel of us."

FORGIVENESS.—Many a true heart, that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage asperity of an unforgiving soul.

CAN any man look round and see what Christian countries are now doing, and how they are governed, and what is the general condition of society, without seeing that Christianity is the flag under which the world sails, and *not the rudder* that steers its course?

A BRIGHT SPOT.—In Tuscany a number of citizens have joined together as Christians, avowing the Bible is their *sufficient guide*, and express their belief that the preaching of the "Word of Jesus Christ, in its purity, would be of the highest spiritual and temporal advantage to Italy."

ANECDOTE.—A clergyman, not long ago, was earnestly pressing on the attention of a dying Lincolnshire boor, certain doctrines which have presented difficulties to clearer heads under more favourable circumstances. "Wut wi' faath," was the faint response, given in the sick man's native Doric, "wut wi' faath, and wut wi' the earth a-turning round the sun, and wut wi' the railroads a fuzzin' and a wizzin,' I'm clean muddled, stonied and bet;" and so saying he turned to the wall and expired.—*Westminster Review.*

THE PARISH MINISTER.—The author of Adam Bede, in sketching the Rector of a parish, says: "He was not much of a preacher. He preached short, moral sermons. But then he acted pretty much up to what he said. He did not set up for being so different from other folks one day and then be as like them as two peas the rest; and he made folks love and respect him. Mrs. Poyser used to say, he was like a good meal of victual: you were better for him without thinking on it."

TAKING PHYSIC.—A Man came to the Mission-house for some medicine, which was carefully wrapped up in a pretty substantial piece of brown paper, and accompanied with the verbal direction, "TAKE THIS when you get home." The man accordingly did so; but complained to one of his neighbours that the medicine (a small portion of calomel) was very difficult to take. The other said that, as to the difficulty, he, for his part, had taken the same kind of medicine, and found no difficulty whatever. To which the first replied, that he should not have minded the medicine, but he found it *very hard to swallow such a lump of brown paper.—Rev. Walter Lawry's Journal.*

SIR JOHN BOWRING.—Last month, at a Unitarian meeting, at Moreton-Hampstead, he said, "Everywhere he had gathered new evidence of the truth of that religion in which he had been instructed in his youth. He had lately returned from a part of the world where upwards of five hundred million of the human race held the principles of Budhism in one form or other. One of the most prominent features of the religious system of the people of China was the "*purity of the child*," a doctrine which he himself believed to be a true and a Christian doctrine; and he was convinced one of the greatest obstacles to the conversion of the Chinese to Christianity presented itself in the doctrine of birth-sin and hereditary depravity as inculcated by the missionaries. Among the natives of China there was not a book which reached the hand of a child but had these words, "*Man is born pure, and owes his corruption to education.*"

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